CAPT. HENRY S. BROWN.

By James T. D Shields.

From the authors' forthcoming volume entitled "Texas Rangers." Copyrighted.

Captain Henry S Brown, an early and well known pioneer of Texas, was born in Madison county, Ky., on the 8th of March, 1793, the son of Colet Brown, who was born in Maryland in 1759, and died in Kentucky in 1837, and he a son of Colonel Edward Brown, a revolutionary officer, who was born in Maryland in 1734, and died in Madison county, Ky., in 1823. His immediate parents and ancestors for several generations had been respectable citizens of Baltimore and Carroll counties, Maryland. They were, without exception, sterling patriots in the revolution of 1776, both his paternal and maternal grandfathers having been officers in that struggle.

In 1810 when in his seventeenth year, that spirit of adventure, which was such a marked characteristic in his after life, seized our young hero, and led him, friendless and alone, to the wilds of Missouri, in which territory he took up his abode in St. Charles county, of which he was after wards sheriff. In the war of 1812-15, being but twenty years of age, he volunteered and served in the extreme west against the Indians till its close. At Fort Clark (now Peoria), on the Illinois river, under the immediate eye of his Colonel (Musick), and Governor Howard of Missouri, he performed an act of gallantry during the siege of a large Indian force, which caused those officers to commend him by name in their reports to the Secretary of War.

In 1814 Henry S. Brown married Mrs. Margaret Jones, nee Miss Margaret Kerr, a widow with a son and two daughters. The son, Judge Maryland Jones, is yet (1887) living in his eighty-sixth year, at Devine, Medina county, Texas; and the youngest daughter, Mrs. Mary K. Draper, in her seventy-ninth year, resides at Oswego, Kan.; the other daughter, Mrs. Sarah Jordan, died in Lavaca county, Texas, in 1869.

"In 1819-'20, Captain Brown moved to Pike county, Missouri, having two sons, Rufus E. and Thomas Jefferson, born in St. Charles. In Pike county his two youngest children were born, John Henry Brown and Margaret, who died the wife of Russell Jones, in 1859, in Gonzales county, Texas.

From 1815 to 1824 Captain Brown was constantly engaged in trading from Missouri to New Orleans and the lower country by means of flat and keel boats on the Mississippi river. These nine years of his checkered life were attended with many thrilling adventures and wonderful escapades. In this hazardous business he was long successful, but in 1823 and 1824 his losses by wrecks, "flood and fire," and financial depression in the south were disastrous.

In December, 1824, he landed at the mouth of the Brazos river, Texas, having an outfit of goods for the Indian and Mexican trade. He was accompanied by a younger brother, John, afterwards known as "Waco Brown." Captain Brown in person fitted out a caravan and proceeded to Monterey, Mexico, at the same time sending his brother, with three men and a supply of goods to trade with the Comanche Indians for horses and mules, buffalo robes, etc. Mr. John Brown proceeded to the Clear Forks of the Brazos, traded off his merchandise to the Indians for over a thousand head of horses and mules, and a large number of buffalo robes. He had safely returned as far as the Bosque creek, when his camp was surprised and attacked by a party of Waco Indians at night and everything captured. His three companions, Thomas Jameson, James Musick and Andrew Scott, escaped on foot and eventually, after much suffering, reached the settlements on the Lower Brazos. Mr. Brown, who was a confirmed cripple in one leg, secreted himself for the moment, supposing his companions would do the same, but when daylight came he found himself alone. After travelling as best he could for a day or two, he was taken prisoner by a party of Waco Indians, and by them kept for about fifteen months in their favorite region, of which the present city of Waco was the site of one of the principal villages. He was captured in July or August, 1825, and by his stay among the Indians acquired a vast amount of information about the Waco and other tribes which proved to be of great value to General Austin and the early settlers.

On reaching the settlements Mr. Brown's comrades expressed the confident belief that he was killed at the time the camp was attacked, from the fact that he fell over them as they were awakened; an incident explained by him after his escape.

In the meantime, Captain Henry S. Brown carried and sold to advantage his Mexican goods in Monclova and Monterey. On returning to the Brazos and learning these facts he immediately raised and fitted out a company of forty two men, who volunteered to accompany him in search of his brother. He penetrated far up the country, found the Indians hostile at the intrusion and had several encounters with them, the principal fight of which took place at the Waco village, where the city of the same name now stands. In this engagement he drove the whole force into and across the river, killing a considerable number on the banks and bluff, and nine in the river. At that time his brother was held in another village only two miles above, but on the opposite or east bank, but was hurried away in advance of the retreating Indians. The expedition now returned, convinced of the fate of Mr. John Brown.

Securing new supplies in New Orleans, Captain Brown made his second adventure in Mexico, from which he returned to San Felipe on the Brazos late in the summer of 1826, with a large herd of horses, mules and silver bullion and a well mounted and armed party of American and Mexican rancheros. While there his brother John in the garb of an Indian, suddenly appeared, having made his escape the previous night from a marauding party of seventeen Waco Indians on Cummings' creek, now in Fayette county; the Indians having come down to rob and kill the settlers. Captain Brown, with his own party and a few volunteer citizens, made a forced march, and at daylight on the following morning surprised the Indians, killing sixteen of the seventeen comprising the party, only one escaping.

From that time on till 1833 Captain Henry S. Brown continued in the Mexican trade, making his headquarters at Brazoria, Gonzales and San Antonio. During this time he was frequently employed in commanding expeditions against the Indians, and participated in a number of hotly contested engagements.

In the month of December, 1828, Captain Henry S. Brown was returning from a trading expedition to Mexico, having as the proceeds of the expedition about 500 horses and mules and a considerable amount of silver in rawhide wrappers. He had with him nine Mexican rancheros, a faithful old Cherokee Indian named Luke and two or three Americans. At night, on the road between San Antonio and Gonzales his animals were stampeded and driven off by a party of hostile Indians, leaving a portion of his men on foot. He repaired to Gonzales and increased his force to twenty-nine men. With these he moved leisurely up the country, through the mountains and finally crossed the Colorado a little above the mouth of Pecan Bayou into the present territory of Brown county, hoping to surprise an Indian village and recover his own or an equal number of horses and mules. He suddenly came upon an encampment almost destitute of horses and with scarcely any women or children. Quite a fight ensued, the Indians occupying a rocky point near its termination at a brushy little stream. For a time the Indians seemed defiant and killed one of Captain Brown's Mexicans, besides wounding several of his men slightly; but several Indians fell, and suddenly they all fled into the creek bottom. Captain Brown, still anxious to find the object of his search, traveled westerly till night and camped. During the night some of the guard discovered a camp fire apparently about two miles distant. As day dawned the party mounted and, moving cautiously, struck the village just as it was light enough to see. Six of the Mexicans, under prior instructions, stampeded the Indians' horses. The other twenty-three men covered the rear, prepared for battle. Twenty or more mounted Indians soon made pursuit and heavy skirmishing ensued; but after four or five warriors were tumbled from their horses, they drew off till reinforced by about as many more, who, however, made no attack but traveled parallel with the retreating party, occasionally showing themselves, till the sun went down. But all this time the horses had been pressed into a gallop and rendered too tired to be easily stampeded at night, the forlorn hope of the enemy. The retreat was continued to the full capacity of the animals for two or three successive days; then, still traveling all night and grazing the horses and sleeping by alternation portions of each day, the party arrived safely at Gonzales, with the loss of one Mexican killed and four or five wounded, but not fatally. I once had the names of every man in this party, but lost the list many years ago. Among them, however, were Bazil Durbin, ——— Shelby, Andrew Scott, Luke the Cherokee, the nine Mexicans, Jesse Robinson, Moses Morrison, Abram M. Clare and William Bracken. They reached Gonzales late in January, 1829. They started in with about 700 animals, but got in with a little over 300, the remainder escaping in the night marches. These were equitably divided among the captors to the satisfaction of all.

It was this affair which prompted Captain Brown, later in the year 1829, to lead a second expedition into the same section of country, in which, at the mouth of the San Saba, he accidentally fell in with the company of Captain Abner Kuykendall, the particulars of which are thus narrated by the facile pen of John Henry Brown:

"Numerous depredations about this time determined the colonists to adopt some aggressive measures. By authority of Stephen F. Austin, the civil and military head of the colony, two companies, aggregating 100 men, were raised, their commanders being Oliver Jones and Bartlett Sims. Abner Kuykendall, the senior of several who bore that name, was placed in command of both companies.

About the same time, but without concert, a company of thirty-nine men of DeWitt's colony, under Captain Henry S. Brown, left Gonzales on a mission against the depredating hostiles supposed to be in the mountains. Among these thirty-nine early defenders of infant Texas, were Samuel Highsmith (deceased in 1849), Bazil Durbins, Jesse Robinson, Moses Morrison, James Curtis, George W. Cottle (killed in the Alamo) and —— Friley.

Kuykendall scoured the country between the Brazos and Colorado. When about twenty miles below the mouth of the San Saba, a sort of epidemic appeared among his men, probably from eating wild fruits. He halted and sent forward scouts. The scouts returned on the third day and reported a large Indian encampment on the west bank of the Colorado, just below the mouth of the San Saba. Kuykendall determined, if possible, by a night march to make a daylight attack on the next morning. The sick men were all sufficiently recovered to go forward. The night march was made, but owing to cedar brakes and broken ground, and, to the regret of all, daylight appeared when they were five or six miles short of their destination. Still anxious for the advantages of a surprise at dawn, Captain Kuykendall concealed his force in a dense cedar brake to await another night and the dawn of the morrow. But a party of warriors during the day discovered Kuykendall's scouts, followed them and mutual discovery resulted, the red men rushing to their camp to give the alarm. Kuykendall mounted and followed as rapidly as possible.

Arriving in sight of the village, the Indians were seen mounting and fleeing, some already ascending the highlands near by. Kuykendall made a gallant charge on a band of warriors who remained to cover the retreat; but their stand was feeble. Only a few shots were fired, one of which, by Nestor Clay, a brave and talented Kentuckian, killed the only Indian who fell. A few squaws and children in the rear were allowed to follow their people.

The Indians, however, left their entire camp equipage, including a great number of copper and brass kettles, blankets, buffalo robes, a considerable quantity of corn and a large number of horses, all of which were secured and taken in by the victors.

During the afternoon Captain Brown appeared. He had discovered the camp, secreted his men, put out concealed watchers, and was, like Kuykendall, expecting to attack at dawn on the following morning. He had passed through the mountains on the east side of the Guadalupe, across the Pierdenales and Llano to the head of the San Saba. He encountered two small parties of Indians, in the first killing three, and in the second, near the Enchanted Rock, surprised a small camp near heavy thickets. Five or six Indians fell, the remainder escaping in the brush. Both appeared to be only hunting parties of warriors. It was on this trip that Captain Brown, with his company, became the discoverer of the Enchanted Rock. He had followed the San Saba down to its mouth, and a little below that discovered the Indian ennampment, as already stated. Neither he nor Kuykendall knew of the other being in that section till Brown's watchers discovered the flying Indians turning a ridge two or three miles away, upon which he moved to the late Indian camp, and there found the other party.

The two commands moved down to Kuykendall's late camp, several new cases of sickness appearing among the former's men, but none died. While here one of the men went out hunting, did not return, and could not be found. There were a number of wearied horses, unable to travel with the command. Jesse Robinson and another man of Captain Brown's company volunteered to remain with, and, if possible, take them in, which, greatly to their credit and to the surprise of all, they successfully accomplished. On the sixth day, in a perishing condition, the lost man fell in with Robinson, and was saved.

After traveling together two days, Kuykendall and Brown separated, the former deflecting eastwardly towards and down the Brazos, reaching San Felipe without other incident worthy of mention. Of his two captains, Oliver Jones became a leading and talented senator in after years, and Bartlett Sims a noted lawyer, long resident in Bastrop county. Captain Brown bore down the Colorado, crossed it at the mouth of Shoel creek, where Austin now stands, scoured the country on Onion creek, the Rio Blanco and San Marcos and reached Gonzales without further adventure."

In 1830, Captain Brown, with three companions, Basil Durbin, Ben Duncan and "English" Tom Williams, defeated a band of fifty Mexican robbers, on the Medina, killing five of the number.

During the succeeding year of 1831, he had several contests with the Indians between San Antonio and the Rio Grande.

Having located at Columbia, in 1832, he was called to the command of a daring company of about eighty (the largest company) men and boys, who participated in the bloody battle of Velasco, at the mouth of the Brazos, on the 26th of June, 1832. This engagement has been considered one of the best fought and most skilfully managed battles in our history.

His gallantry and daring on that occasion has been for more than fifty years the theme of praise. Soon afterward we find him on the field as next friend to Colonel William T. Austin in the issue between that gentleman and the chivalrous Colonel Joan A. Wharton, on the Brazos—an event in which both of the distinguished contestants bore themselves as men of courage and honor, and one always remembered with regret by their mutual friends.

In 1833 Captain Brown was again in the west and had several adventures with both hostile Indians and border Mexicans. His last trip to Mexico was accompanied by a bloody episode near San Antonio, where he defeated a party of guerrilla Mexicans during the latter part of this year.

He died ot Columbia, on the Brazos, on the 26th of July, 1834, and sleeps his last sleep within a few feet of Josian H. Bell and the once famous Captain Bird Lockhart. His memory is honorably perpetuated in the name of the beautiful county of Brown, which was named in his honor twenty-two years after his death, and twenty-seven years after his two expeditions into that vicinity.

His life was one akin to the legends of romance, and won for him among those early pioneers of Texas the character of a brave, chivalrous, and sagacious border chief. It was often said by old citizens that he had more contests with the Indians, and was more generally successful, than any of the brave pioneer chiefs of that day.

His heart was warm and generous to a fault, his habits were sober, his intercourse with others honorable, and he rarely ever had a personal difficulty with his fellow man.

The star of adversity and disappointment often hung over him, and during his adventurous life as a trader calamities and misfortunes often attended him, and he frequently lost heavily by fire and flood, as well as from Indian and Mexican robbers.

His only surviving children are Rufus E. Brown, with four sons, recently removed from Kendall county to New Mexico, and Colonel John Henry Brown of Dallas, Tex., with three daughters and four grand children by his daughter, Mrs. Margaret Jones. He also has two granddaughters in Gonzales county, Mrs. Mary Clinton Mooney and Mrs. Ann M. Jacks.

John Brown.

The brother of Captain Henry S. Brown, John, or as he was familiarly known, "Waco" Brown, referred to in the previous sketch, was born in Madison county, Ky., September 9, 1796, and followed his brother to Missouri about 1816. He married and settled in St Charles, where he remained till he came to Texas in 1824.

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After his escape from the Indians, as above narrated, he brought out his family, temporarily stopped with Major James Kerr, and in 1827 located as a merchant, in company with Captain Phillip Dimmit, in San Antonio, where he acquired and maintained a great and beneficial influence over the Mexican population, in so much that he was held in much esteem by General Austin.

One of his children was the second American child born on the waters of the Navidad and LaVaca rivers. Another was the first one born in San Antonio,* and Mrs. Brown was the first American lady to reside in that ancient and historic city.

Mr. Brown died in San Antonio on the 8th day of December, 1831. His widow, Mrs. Brown, nee Nancy Ann Howell, considered by many to be the most beautiful woman in Texas at that time, returned to Missouri in 1835, and subsequently at her father's house in St. Charles county in 1837 married Mr. Albert G. Irvine of Kentucky, who with his wife removed to Texas shortly after their union. Mr. Irvine died at Marshall in 1872, his wife having died a year previous at Jefferson, Tex. Captain Adam C. Irvine of Dallas and Miss Laura J. Irvine of Tyler are two of the children of this union.

The only surviving child of Mr. John Brown is Dr. John Duff Brown, a respectable and honored citizen of Llano county, Tex. He served as a captain in Waul's Legion during the late "war between the states."

* The statement published in a newspaper in 1870, that a child of Hon. Samuel A. Maverick, born in 1836, was the first American native of that place was incorrect, Mr. Brown's child having been born in 1828, eight years previous.—[Author.

Dr. Cole S. Brown,

A younger brother of the two foregoing, also born in Madison county, Kentucky, February 5, 1805, came to Gonzales, Tex., at a much later day, in 1840, and died early in 1855.

He was a warm-hearted, fearless man, marked by great energy of character and public spirit, and will long be remembered kindly by most persons who knew him for his virtues as a citizen and his character as a physician.

He often joined expeditions against both Indians and Mexicans, always fulfilling the combined duties of soldier and surgeon.

He was greatly esteemed by Colonel John C. Hays, Burleson, General Ben McCulloch, Colonel Mathew Cadwell ("Old Paint") and other partisan chiefs of that day and time on the Texian border. Colonel Cadwell once said of him, that in a large experience in border life, Dr. Brown came nearer combining the fierceness of the lion with the mildness of the lamb than any man he had ever known. Such a nature will ever have friends and sometimes enemies, though the latter one rarely permanently so; and such was the case with Dr. Cole S. Brown.* JAMES T. DESHIELDS.

Belton, Tex., February, 1887.

* It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge in this connection that I am indebted to Colonel John Henry Brown of Dallas, Tex., for the valuable data used in these articles, as in other sketches which appear in this volume.—[The Author.

John A. Ellsler will in a few weeks retire from the management of the Pittsburg, Pa., opera house. He began his managerial career in partnership with Joseph Jefferson in 1850, and many years afterward introduced to the public for the first time a young girl who has since become famous as Miss Clara Morris. Miss Effie Ellsler, the actress, is his daughter.

CONVERSATION AS A STUDY.

Kate Sanborn in Journal of Education.

And why not? Why do we cram ologies, osophies and onomies into a young girl's overtaxed brain, and then complacently send her out into the critical, censorious world with a limited vocabulary, little knowledge of the subtle meaning, the ins and outs, the lights and shades of her own language, scanty information on current topics, less power to communicate what she had read, and a few silly stock phrases, which I wish could be obliterated. The best scholars seem to be awkward, shy and silent, unless drawn out upon their favorite study; the more frivolous and superficial chatter, indulge in superlatives and giggle. Is this too severe? A wise old bachelor, who has had uncommon social opportunities and who is always criticising his women friends in a way at once cynical and helpful, said to me the other day: "Why don't you start a conversation class? It is an art that is strangely neglected. At least you can write about this, and try to wake women to the fact that they do not converse. They seem to merely open their pretty mouths and let the words tumble out without any plan of forethought. I asked a young lady who was attending one of our best boarding schools, what instruction was given there in conversation, and she had never heard of such a thing being attempted." So he set me to thinking and writing. Professor Townsend has given you a series of admirable essays on conversation. I am sure he will not object to me following in the same track with a few homely, every-day, actual illustrations. Let me speak first of unmeaning and annoying phrases which are universally used by the slipshod talker.

Some of my friends, after making a statement that is self-evident, and that any one but an idiot could comprehend instantly, will lead me along as if non compos with a tiresome, "D'ye see!" "See?" "See?" usually accompanied with a monotonous gesture or wave of the hand for added rssistance and explanation, as if the rather simple sentence was an abstruse geometric problem, which I must approach by gentle degrees and with a deal of boosting.

I once visited an otherwise agreeable couple, where the wife would respond to all I said, "To be sure," "to be sure," and the husband used this odious "see?" constantly, until I was forced to give up the intimacy. They were good friends, but unendurable from this habit.

"Doncher know?" and "all that sort of thing," are far too common. Others use "you know" to punctuate their remarks, when I do not know; or "as you say," when I have not said anything of the sort.

Listen to the superlatives that pour out from the lips of the average young lady or married woman.

First and last let me anathematize "perfectly lovely." Bah! that is truly nauseating. I venture to affirm that that much-abused phrase is used at least ten times daily, by every school girl, every college girl, every young lady in this country. It is the stock phrase at Smith, Wellesley and Vassar; in fact conversation would droop and languish without it. A young lady comes in to see me, and she begins: "O, Miss Sanborn, how perfectly lovely your rooms are! and isn't it lovely to live in a flat! and you have an elevator—how lovely! It's just horrid to climb three flights as I had to yesterday, although the bride I called on was so lovely I didn't mind, you know. Her rooms were fitted up so lovely with her wedding presents, don't you see, and she had on a perfectly elegant reception dress—just too lovely for anything, doncher know? I can't describe it, but it had lots of jet on satin, and 'twas just lovely. Her hair, you know, is just that exquisite, lovely chestnut shade, with a ripple of gold, doncher know, and all that sort of thing. You don't know how I enjoyed your reception last week, the music was so splendid! And that pretty woman who whistled, wasn't she bewitching! just too lovely for anything. And the men! you do get such nice men—good looking and such swells! Oh, ma and I said when we got home that it was perfectly lovely."

I have heard that phrase applied to a young pig, to a sausage, to an opera, to a corpse!

I would like to start a society for its suppression and extinction. If a fine of 1 penny had to be paid every time it was used, we could raise a $1,000,000 monument to General Grant, send 50,000 young women to Montana, put all the sewing women and superfluous women in easy circumstances, and send out another arctic expedition. Others compel you to answer their decidedly stale remarks, their truisms, their platitudes, by constantly appending a "Don't you think so?" "Don't you agree with me?" For instance: "I don't believe in divorce where there are children, for a mother is always a mother and a father is a father still—don't you think so?"

I am also distressed by the reiteration of, "Is that so?" when I am endeavoring to interest a friend in some news. Of course it's "so," or my veracity is called in question.

It is distressing to hear certain phrases used as a substitute for wit, as this, which is extremely popular: "My trunk went over the wrong ferry," said an unaccomplished and traveled college graduate to me the other day, "and so I had to trot down to Barclay street to look it up!" I looked at the tall, graceful, intellectual girl, and wondered how she could think it added to the humor or interest of her narrative to say she trotted, when in reality she took the elevated train and rode there. Or, I hear girls say, "I pranced about, and let him know I was vexed." Do they desire to be thought coltish? And again, I notice such an odd phrase, "I went to work and told him all I had heard about his last mash. He was all broke up, and yesterday he went to work and wrote me just the loveliest note, just killing, and explained it all; so I thought I must just trot down to tell you about it."

Just one more word that should be tabooed. It is "well." Let each one who reads this count how many times he or she begins a sentence with it in one day. I watched a distinguished professor of literature conducting a Shakespeare class, and counted over thirty "wells," with nearly as many inflections, during the first half-hour.

Giggling is not conversation. Many seem to labor under that delusion. If complimented, they giggle; if embarrassed, they giggle; if amused, they giggle; if they are in want of a new theme, they giggle; if they want to show appreciation of other's talk, they giggle. This bad habit spoils the effect of the best anecdote or the quickest retort. Don't be afraid to laugh, but don't, O don't, laugh and talk at the same time. There are various kinds of giggles used to punctuate conversation, as the shrill "te-hee, te-hee," and the sniffling giggle, and the nervous, half-hysteric giggle, etc., etc. Watch your own conversation this week. Watch your friends, and quietly study their faults—not to attack and annoy them, but to learn what to avoid.